



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS month, my dear going-back-to-school friends, we will lead off with a few striking bits of information from various quarters, and end with a very curious American race and one in which a clerical plant like myself cannot help feeling mildly interested.

Meantime Deacon Green desires me to announce that letters to the dear Little Schoolma'am and himself concerning Our National Hymn* are steadily coming in, but that they would be glad to receive many more, by way of taking up, so to speak, a collection of ideas on the subject from this entire congregation.

And now let us consider the following serious charge :

TELEGRAPH-POLES FOOLING BEARS AND WOOD-PECKERS.

Now you will say that this is a thing that no well-behaved, self-respecting telegraph-pole ought to do. But the fact is, they cannot help it. They simply do the buzzing (as any one can learn by applying an ear to the poles), and listening bears and woodpeckers are deceived by their own hasty conclusions. At least, so I am told by the dear Little Schoolma'am, who got the facts straight from nature and a trusty newspaper or two. With the little lady's permission, I now will submit these facts to you :

It appears that one Monsieur Pasteur, who is Inspector of Telegraphic Service at Java, reports that the woodpeckers in that island, hearing a buzzing sound, apparently coming from the inside of telegraph-poles, make up their bright little minds that there are insects gnawing the wood. So they dig great holes in the poles with their bills in the hope of securing the insects or grubs. The same incident has been observed in Norway; and the journal *Nature* says that, in some regions, the large stones piled against telegraph-poles to keep

them in place have been removed by bears. These creatures evidently take the buzzing sounds for a sign that bees are about. So Bruin thinks there must be honey concealed somewhere beneath the pile of stones.

The birds and animals have not yet learned much about vibrating wires or electricity, you see.

ENTERPRISING BEGONIAS.

EVERYBODY who raises flowers knows that certain kinds of begonias may be started by cutting off a leaf and laying it in the ground; but does everybody know that they sometimes try to start themselves? Last winter we had one so anxious to establish its family in the world that some of its leaves began to sprout while still fast to the plant. Almost covering the top of these leaves were little tulip-like stems not a half inch in length, on which were tiny leaves, shaped just like the large ones below.

Of course as the leaves became old these dried up and withered too, but there is no doubt that they would have grown into perfect plants if they had been put in the ground. Now was this just a freak of nature, or does every one of that kind of begonias do the same? Who among the young botanists can tell?

Yours very truly, L. F.

ABOUT THE FARTHING.

A LADY sends to this pulpit some information concerning the English penny, ha'penny, and farthing, which may interest you. None of these things grow in my meadow, but the English clover is quite at home there nowadays, and I like it exceedingly.

Here is the letter :

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT : The ancient English penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors.

At the time of Ethelred, in 866, it was equal in value to the present threepence, and until the days of Edward First, it was so deeply indented that it might easily be broken and parted, when occasion demanded, into two parts — these were called half-pence ; or into four parts — these were called *four things*, or farthings.

The farthing is now a small copper coin of Great Britain equal to the fourth of a penny in value.

The American cent, though sometimes called a penny, is of different value from the English penny, and we have no such coin as the farthing.

The word farthing, as used by the Saxons, was spelled *feorthung*. Yours truly, VIRGINIA FARLEY.

QUEENS' NEEDLES.

No doubt many of you have seen "Cleopatra's Needle," sometimes called the Egyptian obelisk, in Central Park. It must have been difficult to sew with it, and in spite of the saying, "Kings have long arms," I doubt whether any queen ever had hands large enough or strong enough to use such an enormous needle as that. Besides, there is no eye in Cleopatra's needle. It would have been easy to bore an eye through the obelisk, for here is a letter that tells of an achievement far more surprising :

DEAR JACK : While reading an old copy of the New York *Tribune* recently, I happened upon this item, which I think will interest your little hearers :

"The Queen of Roumania, during her recent sojourn in England, say foreign papers, visited a needle factory,

* See St. NICHOLAS for July, 1891, page 723.

While watching the work one of the men asked Her Majesty for a single hair from her head. The queen granted his request, with a smile. The man, who was engaged in cutting the eyes in the needles, placed the hair under the needle of his machine, bored a hole in it, drew a fine silk thread through the hole, and then presented the threaded hair to the astonished queen."

Yours very truly, L. M.

A TRAVELING PLANT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I was sitting in a passenger-car looking out over a stretch of prairie land in the great Arkansas valley. The day was windy; indeed, a ship captain who sat next me said it was "half a gale," though, judging from the way the wind shrieked past us, I should not have thought of using a fraction in describing it. Suddenly a number of elegantly shaped, slightly built animals appeared in the distance and rushed toward the moving train. The wind, the antelopes,—for such they proved to be,—and the train engaged in a race, in which the antelopes, for a short time, held their own; but what most astonished me was that the antelopes were pursued by great gray balls, some of which were from four to five feet in diameter.

Not one of our party could imagine what these were, never having heard of anything of the kind. We watched the curious sight until the locomotive and the wind left the antelopes and the pursuing balls far behind us. To increase our interest, however, many more such balls could be seen on the windward side of the track, piled up against the wire fences, and in ravines and gulleys along our onward route.

I afterwards learned that what our party saw were known to the plainsmen as "tumble-weeds," and to botanists as the *Cycloloma platyphyllum*. It belongs to a genus of plants that grow into a thick, globe-shaped mass of twigs and small branches, attached to their roots each by a small stem that in the fall becomes dry and brittle; and, as the autumn winds sweep over the prairie, these stems break off, and the tumble-weeds go bounding away, scattering their seeds as they go.

Antelopes and jack-rabbits, grouse, and prairie-dogs are put to flight, cat-tie are stampeded, and

ANTELOPES FLEEING FROM THE TRAVELING PLANT.

the road-beds clogged by these flying masses of brush-wood.

I sent you, dear Mr. Jack, a photograph, which I hope will be copied for your crowd of young folk. It was taken from life, and by comparing the size of the tumbleweed ball with that of the man beside it, one can form a general idea of the proportions often attained by these traveling wonders.

Yours very truly,

J. C. BEARD.

A TUMBLE-WEED BALL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

parade the streets, flogging themselves with the thorny cactus, carrying heavy wooden crosses, etc. They also suspend a man upon the cross. Several years ago a man died upon the cross at that place. There are only two American families residing at Los Ojos; the rest of the people are Mexicans. They live in one-story, flat-roofed adobe houses, most of which have mud floors and no carpets. The people live chiefly on mutton, with chili sauce. Nearly every house is ornamented with a string of red peppers, thus adding a picturesque bit of color to the dusty gray tints which prevail in the mud houses and the treeless plains surrounding them.

The attire of the Mexican ladies may be described briefly as "a happy family of the most quarrelsome colors," which is somewhat toned down by the black rebozo which is the universal head-covering.

The Mexicans have many queer customs which I should like to describe for the benefit of your readers, but I must not exhaust your patience at the outset, or you will never care to hear from me again.

Very sincerely your devoted reader,
KATHRYN W.—

THE WATERFALL.

ALWAYS falling, always falling,
Always falling fast.

Are you tired of always falling?
Will you stop at last?

Birds are singing all around you,
And quite near you squirrels play.
Will you stop your constant going,
Just to listen for a day?

Will you tell me where you came from?
From some mountain far away,
Or some noisy, distant streamlet,
Where you merrily did play?

But the water answers nothing,
Only keeps on falling fast,
As it has been ever falling,
From the long, long ages past.

MAMIE G. O.
A young contributor.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you will enjoy hearing something of the interesting things I have seen since I have been in Europe. Last summer mama and I went up to a little village in the Apennine mountains called Castagno (chestnut). It was a very picturesque little place. It is the same village that Andréa del Castagno (the painter) came from. About six hundred years ago there was a landslide which swept away the village, and the inhabitants were obliged to leave their homes and go to seek shelter in some other village. After some years they began to sigh for their homes on the mountain-side; so some of them went back. Those that went back took the name of Ringressi (returned). The peasants with whom we stayed were descendants of those that returned. Near-by the house there was a very lovely little brook; I liked very much to go out and sit by it and listen to its babbling as it went rushing down the mountain-side. The house where we were was very interesting. The kitchen was the most frequented of all the rooms. In it there was a very large fireplace, where all the cooking was done. Projecting from the chimney was a hood made to keep the smoke from coming out into the room. Up under this hood on one side of the fire was an armchair and on the other a bench large

enough for three people to sit on. I was very glad on cold nights to sit up in the armchair by the fire. On the way up to this village you have to ride donkey-back for about five miles. I got on a donkey for the first time in my life, expecting to ride just a little way, but I did not get off till we got to the peasant's house. Mama rode in a little cart drawn by a mule. When the mule got to the first hill he began to back; mama jumped out of the cart just in time to save herself from being thrown out, for as soon as she was out one wheel came off and went rolling down the road. After that mama said she would not ride any more, so she began to walk; after a while the men came up to her with the cart all nicely mended and asked her if she would not get in. So she got in, and the way they got the mule to go up hills was this: when he began to back the men would push the cart on to him. While I was up in the mountains I rode on donkey-back up the highest mountain in this part of Italy. From the top I could see water on both sides of Italy, on one the Mediterranean Sea, and on the other the Adriatic, and I could also see the city of Venice, which is a hundred and forty miles away. We took our lunch on the summit of the mountain, and while my donkey nibbled grass I ate two slices of black bread and drank two cups of delicious goat's milk. We were obliged to go in little goat-paths that went along the mountain-side and were sometimes hardly big enough for our donkeys to walk in. I felt sorry when the time came to go away from the quaint little village. On our way home I rode donkey-back to San Godenso, and from there we took a mountain coach to Ponte Sieve; from there we went on the railroad and back to Florence.

I am eleven years old, and I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for about four years. Papa sends you to me every month from Boston, and I am always glad to see you.

Yours affectionately, FLORENCE R. H.—

SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, U. S. S. "MARION."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am living on board a man-of-war, and I find it very amusing. My papa is the captain, and we are making him a visit. I enjoy watching the sailors drill at quarters morning and evening. I like to see the colors lowered at sundown when the officers and crew salute the flag by taking off their hats.

There are about twenty apprentice boys, and I often talk to them and lend them the ST. NICHOLAS. This ship expects to go to Japan, and mama, my sister, and a friend of ours, and I think of going by steamer to Yokahama. I wonder how we shall like living among the Japanese for a time.

I have a little dog whose name is Fritz; he has been blind for nearly two years, but I love him all the same. He crossed the continent with me, and he has been my constant companion all through our travels. He seemed to enjoy living on board the "Marion" very much; all the sailors loved and petted him a great deal. My sister has taken the ST. NICHOLAS since 1880, and I have always enjoyed reading the shorter stories.

Your affectionate little reader,
ELEANOR B.—

KEARSARGE, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some time ago I read a letter in your magazine from an army girl; soon after there was one from an army boy, so I feel it is the girls' turn again, and as I am an army girl, too, I think I will write one.

My papa is stationed in the far West, but we spent last summer in a New England village. Soon after we reached there, papa and I, with some friends, climbed Mt. Kearsarge. It is 3200 feet high, very rugged and

difficult to climb. The view from the top is perfectly magnificent; I counted ten or twelve little lakes nestled here and there among the trees. One small one particularly attracted my attention; it looked as if some giant in putting his cane down had made a deep dent and then Dame Nature had caused one of her numerous little springs to come gurgling up and form this beautiful little lake, like a mirror among the dark pines. On the way down we picked eight quarts of blueberries, and half a peck of mountain cranberries. I had a lovely time there. Papa and I went off on long tramps, and always came home laden with berries, beautiful autumn leaves, ferns, and many curiosities.

Where I was staying there was a dear old lady; she was very old, almost eighty-nine years, and yet was very fond of children, and though my papa says I am always brimful of fun and mischief, I didn't seem to worry her at all. She made silk quilts, and was quite as much interested in the news of the day as many younger people. Right near our house there was a lovely brook which rushed and leaped over the rocks, sparkling like a thousand beautiful gems. I have spent many happy hours there, reading and playing, but the happiest of all was when I went in wading. Like most of your readers I have some pets — a lovely black pony, a dog named James Blaine, and a canary bird; at my papa's last station, I had four rabbits, three ducks, a donkey, and a pair of bantam chickens, besides the three already mentioned. Papa has taken ST. NICHOLAS for me ever since I was three years old (I am twelve now), and I am sure I shall never be too old to enjoy ST. NICHOLAS and everything in it.

From your loving reader,
LOUISE M. S.—

STOCKHOLM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if many of your readers have been in Sweden. Half the year here it is all gloom and the other half all daylight. I like the Swedes very much, though I cannot understand all they say. It looks very funny to see over a café or a hotel door "Bad Rum"; one would think they were advertising bad rum, but it means a bath-room; and they call everything *affär* (affair), "hat *affär*," "sko *affär*" (shoe affair), which looks very funny, instead of shoe-shop. They have very queer things to eat, too. What would you say to slices of *pâté de foie gras* with cold raw oysters picked out of their shells and laid around as ornament? A great delicacy is *grav lax* — that is, a salmon buried raw in the ground with some bay-leaves and then dug up after two days, served, and eaten! Before dinner they pass a tray about with sardines, bread and butter, radishes, cheese,

and hard eggs to the *invités*, and a glass of brandy-wine. It looks so peculiar to see ladies eating all this with their gloves on just before going in to a big dinner; they call it *smörgåas*. In all the hotels or cafés they have spread out a "*smörgåas bord*," which I translate as bread and butter table, where you pay a *krone* (twenty-seven cents) and eat your fill of everything on the table, and there are sometimes twenty different things and no one to look at what you eat. They had a gymnastic fête that lasted five days. The women and men from Finland did the best as gymnasts. Then came the Danes, but the Englishmen got the prizes for running and jumping. I wish there had been some Americans; I am sure they would have won everything. We saw four hundred soldiers do the gymnastics all at once. It was very pretty; they do it so regularly that it looked as if they were moved by machinery. Then some soldiers with all their traps on, headed by their officers, ran over ditches, hedges, fences, and walls. When they got to a great high wall, how do you think they got over? They climbed in each other's hands and stood on each other's shoulders, then jumped down, till there was only one left, so they let him over a rope and pulled him over.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for two years, and I am always so interested in it; I think it is the nicest book in the world.

I am your little reader,
FREDERIKKE H. L.—

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Of course we take you or I would not write. I am an American girl, thirteen years old, but not very little. Three years ago we went to Arizona. Some people think Arizona is a dreadful place, but I like it very much. We were in the Mule Pass Mountains. We lived in an adobe house with four rooms in it — parlor, kitchen, and two bedrooms. It was a mining town called Bisbee. The principal mine was the "Copper Queen." Your reader,

BELLE H.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for the pleasant letters received from them: Lulu S. G., S. C. and L. C., Belle S., L. B., A. I. R., Ethel F., Alice J., E. M. B., Marian G. B., Alfred F. E., E. W. P., Agnes B. B., Agnes G., Thomas F. H., N. L. G., Caroline C., Wentworth N. C., Robbie H. L., Zoe S., M. T. A., Maud, Clara and Bessie, M. P. H., May W., Belle C., H. C. T., Louise Z. G., Belle H., A. F. G., Muriel E. M. P., Huntington W. J.



Who would have thought the Psyche knot
Could be transformed into an old tea-pot?

S. A. Ward.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. 1. 1. Morass. 2. Orient. 3. Ridder. 4. Edile. 5. Snells. 6. Stress. 11. Turbos. 2. Ursur. 3. Rubini. 4. Briton. 5. Enone. 6. Trines.

P. The scarlet poppies cluster by the road,
The sweeping scythes flash in the falling grass,
And lumbering wagons, with their heavy load,
Along the dusty highway, lingering, pass
In harvest time.

Oh, bounteous season, rich through every hour
In gifts that make our souls with joy a-tune;
The fruitful earth is lavish of her dower,
From morning's flush till glows the yellow moon,
In harvest time.

HALL-SQUARE. 1. Curlew. 2. Union. 3. Riot. 4. Lot. 5. Ea. 6. W.

GEOPGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. Third row, nightingale. Cross-words: 1. Bangkok. 2. Bridgeport. 3. England. 4. Bahia. 5. Little Rock. 6. China. 7. Nan-Ling. 8. Afghanistan. 9. Black. 10. Kala-hari. 11. Spencer Gulf.

BREATHINGS. 1. Milton. Cross-words: 1. M-ark. 2. I-deal. 3. Lash. 4. T-angle. 5. Orange. 6. N-one. 11. Dryden. Cross-words: 1. D-river. 2. R-eat. 3. Y-arm. 4. D-rake. 5. E-vent. 6. N-ought.

To our PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Paul Reese — Maude E. Palmer — "The McG." — "Infantry" — Lillie O. Estabrook — Jo and T — Charles Beaumont — "Uncle Mung" — "Wee 3" — Alice M. Blanke — E. M. G. — Hubert L. Bingay — "Hawkeye" — Ida Carleton Thalben — "King Amo IV" — "A Family Affair."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 13th, from "Wisteria, Forget-me-not, and Heliotrope," 1 — Helen H. — Carolita W. — Morris — "Daffodil" — "Daisy" — Arthur Adams, 1 — Na — James New York — "Genoveva" — P. Mattingly, 1 — John H. Lawrence, 2 — Clara H. Orwig, 2 — Allie and Lily, 1 — "Kittens" — Nellie L. Howes — Florence and Frances Cummings, 1 — Elsie K. Talbys, 2 — Elsie S. — Bonnie Banks, 2 — Lottie Avery, 1 — Ruth A. Hobby, 2 — David W. Jayne, 2 — Julia M. Hoyt, 1 — Elma Smith, 1 — Madge H. Lyons, 2 — Agnes C. Leacyraft, 1 — Ipsie Dixit and Major, 3 — "Mr. Toots," 2 — Annie Kerr and Grace Harris, 1 — "May and '70," 2 — H. M. C. and Co., 2 — J. A. F. and J. H. C., 2 — Wilfred W. Lindsey, 2 — Alice and Alice, 10 — "Nifesc," 1 — Clara and Emma, 2 — Carrie K. Thacher, 9 — Nellie Archer, 1 — C. Estelle, and Clarendon Iona, 1 — Blanche and Fred, 10 — "Five M's," 4 — "Papa and Ed," 8 — No name, San Francisco, 8 — Georgina G. Rundle, 7 — "Harry and Mama," 4 — "Nemo," 1 — Mama, Marion, and Adeline, 7 — "Only I," 1 — Freddie Sutro, 4.



BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the handle of a printing-press, and leave a carnivorous animal. 2. Behead a mountain nymph, and leave to perse. 3. Behead a place where provisions are kept, and leave certain coins. 4. Behead a South American rodent, and leave pertaining to an ailment which attacks epicures. 5. Behead a bracelet, and leave a corner. 6. Behead elaborate discourses, and leave allowances. 7. Behead circumscribed, and leave a weapon. 8. Behead to lift, and leave a newt. 9. Behead condition, and leave to narrate. 10. Behead one who joins, and leave saltpeter. 11. Behead to twist together, and leave corrupt.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous painter.
ELDRED JUNGERICH.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MASCULINE name. 2. A musical instrument. 3. A tenement. 4. Extremity. R. C. G.

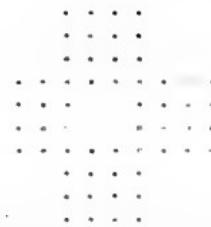
ZIGZAGS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a man who was known as the "Father of the Marshalsea."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small stick. 2. To eat sparingly. 3. To baffle. 4. To select. 5. A beautiful lady of King Arthur's court. 6. An American arctic explorer. 7. Me-

theglin. 8. To prepare for publication. 9. To push into, to. 10. To pass lightly. 11. To encircle. 12. A tropical fruit. 13. A water-fowl. C. H. T.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

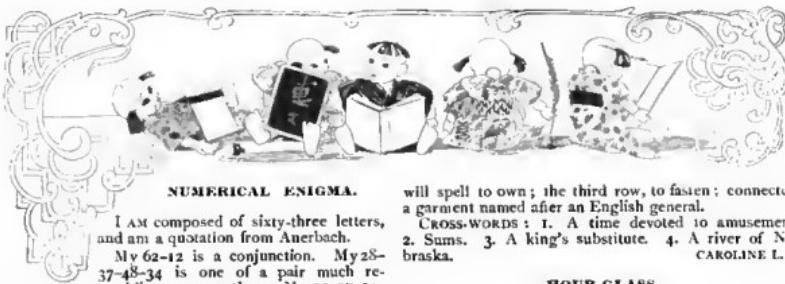


I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A companion. 2. Anticipating. 3. A tropical tree. 4. A set of officers who eat at the same table together.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To wander. 2. One time. 3. The highest point. 4. To converge.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Auction. 2. A word meaning "verily." 3. To bestow temporarily. 4. Completes.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Gentle. 2. To assert. 3. Stables. 4. Formerly. F. L. NORTON,



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-three letters, and am a quotation from Auerbach.

My 62-12 is a conjunction. My 28-37-48-34 is one of a pair much resembling one another. My 22-57-14-44 is custom. My 41-25-59-8 is the fleecy coat of the sheep. My 4-10-39-19 is a small and harmless animal. My 6-49-15-32-55 is a mineral substance. My 1-35-30-46-26 is entwined. My 43-52-11-58 is an astringent substance which crystallizes easily. My 16-2-27-17-21 is complete. My 36-61-23-3-13 is to inflict. My 63-47-5-20-45-56 is an artificer. My 50-38-18-53-33 is an edible mollusk. My 24-31-9-51-54-42-60-7-70-29 is slow.

C. B.

PI.

Ew mewcodel yam twih lal chr inchgang siske,
Dan hadlie wihl yoj eht yenquel thomm fo sworfel,
Cointung meso sebsling no ache giefnite yad,
Glenlii heint no a rassrov fo roush.

Moze lied stare stum allt bouve het stap
Rof lal eht tweze, dule sayd hatt ew breemrem;
Tub, hwt het rengrade sureraste ni rot sparg,
Ew kirdn het lendog wien fo thrigb trepmeseb.

ADDITIONS.

EXAMPLE: Add a small ball to a preposition, and make a brief statement. Answer: Bullet-in.

1. Add warmth to a domestic fowl, and make a pagan.
2. Add to equip to a feminine name, and make a fleet of armed ships.
3. Add an instrument of torture to a hole, and make an annual rental raised to the utmost.
4. Add an official indorsement on a passport to force, and make face to face.
5. Add existence to a fish, and make to seal, as a hawk.
6. Add to slide to covered the feet, and make very careless.
7. Add a sailor to a color, and make a kind of cloth worn in Scotland.
8. Add leads to a voter, and make an executioner.
9. Add a short poem to a preposition, and make an ancient Grecian theater.
10. Add vapor to ancient, and make related wrongly.
11. Add part of the head to a cosy nook, and make intent.

When rightly added, and placed one below another in the order here given, the initials of the first row of words will spell the time of reaping, and the initials of the second row will spell one of the most beautiful sights of autumn.

GILBERT FORREST.

DIAMOND.

1. IN scandalous.
2. Furious with anger.
3. Souls of the departed.
4. Things we often make light of.
5. The space between two mouths of a river.
6. A body of water.
7. In scandalous.

S. B. B.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters

will spell to own; the third row, to fasten; connected, a garment named after an English general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A time devoted to amusement. 2. Sums. 3. A king's substitute. 4. A river of Nebraska.

CAROLINE L.

HOUR-GLASS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Constructed. 2. Rage. 3. A tree valued for its timber. 4. In diamond. 5. A small snake. 6. To conceal. 7. An endowed chapel.

Central letters, reading downward, a color.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. An English comedian born in London in 1830. 2. May be found on every hand. 3. A spirit distilled from molasses. 4. The third month of the Jewish year. 5. Appellations.

DOWNTWARD: 1. In parts. 2. A preposition. 3. A kind of grain. 4. A kind of limestone. 5. Relating to elves. 6. A Hindoo divinity. 7. A Dutch measure for liquids. 8. An old word meaning "never." 9. In parts.

"THE WISE FIVE."

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Base. 2. To accomplish. 3. The hero of a play by Shakespeare. 4. Preserved in sugar. 5. A period of a thousand years. 6. A near relative. 7. To flag.

The diagonals beginning at the upper left-hand letter will spell a royal motto.

C. B.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. To sever. 3. A stream of water. 4. To care. 5. In Harrison.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A metal. 3. Drives. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In Harrison.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A weight. 3. Certain flowers. 4. A snare. 5. In Harrison.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A heavenly body. 3. Orders. 4. Fresh. 5. In Harrison.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A sailor. 3. Auctions. 4. A color. 5. In Harrison. J. F. S. N.

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